A TREASURY *of* ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

BARTER

A Treasury of Elizabethan Lyrics

A Treasury of
Elizabethan Lyrics

Selected & Edited by
AMY BARTER
Late Head Mistress of Braintree Pupil Teachers' School
Editor of "A Book of Sonnets"
"Eighteenth Century
Comedy" &c.

GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO.
15 York Street Covent Garden
London W.C.
1910

Letchworth: At the Arden Press

Preface

THE selections from the lyrical poetry of the Elizabethan Age contained in this book are intended to be, as far as possible, representative of every type of this very large and varied section of literature. For this reason, although most of the best-known songs of the period are included, place has also been found for some of a lower order of literary merit. The great mass of sonnet literature, as constituting a class in itself, has been almost entirely neglected, and is represented by only two specimens.

The text has been carefully prepared from the most trustworthy editions of the poems, and in cases where these have shown variations, the clearest reading and that presenting least difficulty has been chosen. Special indebtedness must be acknowledged to Mr A. H. Bullen's series of reprints from the Miscellanies and Song Books.

Introduction

THE age which gave us the plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries stands out pre-eminently in the history of our literature as the great age of dramatic poetry; and the fact of this pre-eminence is so constantly and so vividly present to our minds that we are sometimes in danger of forgetting that lyrical poetry also flourished exceedingly during this period. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the lyrical impulse was not stronger even than the dramatic. It was certainly more general, since not only was almost every dramatist the author of at least two or three notable lyrics, but there existed also a crowd of less known singers of whose verses probably only a small proportion has come down to us. Little care was taken to preserve them. To write a "sonnet," as the short love poem of the day, whatever its form, was indifferently called, was one of the necessary accomplishments of the fine gentleman. When written, the poem was presented to the lady to whom it was addressed, and perhaps handed about at court for a few days or a few weeks. Then it was probably forgotten, and the "courtly maker" let it go without, in many cases, even troubling to keep a copy, much less taking any measures towards having it printed. But even the small propor-

tion of Elizabethan lyrics that have been preserved to our own day make up a goodly collection. Some of them are almost worthless; some are little more than the mechanical efforts of professional rhymesters who wrote simply to satisfy a public demand. More, however, possess real literary merit, and a considerable proportion rise to that higher realm of literature which is reserved for works destined to immortality. In few, even of the weaker examples, is that indefinable "singing" quality, which for want of a better name we may call "tunefulness," entirely absent. The Elizabethans are undoubtedly our great song-writers, rivalled only by that group of Scottish poets, of whom Burns is the chief. Yet even here there is rivalry without similarity. The difference between the Elizabethan lyrics and those of all other ages is hard to define, yet its existence is recognized at once by all lovers of poetry, even by those whose study of literature has been neither deep nor critical.

The best of the Elizabethan lyrics—those which are original, and not merely imitative—are strongly characteristic of the England of their day. They are fresh and vigorous, as England was fresh and vigorous after her "Renaissance" or new birth. They are marked by a wonderful spontaneity and freedom from self-consciousness. They have the faults, as well as the merits, of youth. They are unpolished, sometimes crude in workmanship;

where an attempt at elaboration is made, it is the elaboration of a child—open, artless, not aiming at subtle effects, but pleased with a new arrangement or contrivance because it is new. They have few of the skilfully wrought harmonies of diction or metre which charm our ears in the works of poets of a later age. But they are true songs, with a tuneful lilt and a brain-haunting cadence such as few modern lyrics possess.

To collect these scattered poems, and present them in a form accessible to the general reader has been a task only accomplished by the labour and enthusiasm of students of Elizabethan literature during the last fifty years. The chief storehouses from which treasures have been drawn may be briefly indicated.

I. *The Elizabethan Miscellanies.* Collections of verses by various authors were published throughout the period, sometimes by booksellers, sometimes by literary editors. They were extremely popular, and usually went through many editions. In them were preserved a large number of poems which would otherwise have been lost. Mr Courthope in his "History of English Poetry" says that these Miscellanies form a series of landmarks showing the progress of Elizabethan poetry. The chief are:

(a) "Tottell's Miscellany," 1557. The full title of this work was "Songes and Sonnettes written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey and other." It

contains the poems of Wyatt and Surrey, and others by various authors.

(b) "The Paradyse of Daynty Devises, devised and written for the most part by M. Edwards, sometimes of her Majesties Chappel: the rest by sundry learned gentlemen, both of honovr and woorshippe." 1576.

A collection of poems mostly didactic and religious.

(c) "A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions." 1578.

(d) "A handefull of Pleasant Delites." 1584.

(e) Breton's "Bower of Delites." 1592.

(f) "The Phœnix Nest." 1593. This contains poems by Lodge, Watson, Peele, and others.

(g) "The Arbor of Amorous Devises." 1597.

(h) "The Passionate Pilgrim." 1599. This contains poems by Shakespeare, Barnfield, Marlowe, Raleigh and others.

(i) "England's Helicon." 1600. "This is the most celebrated and the richest of the whole class, and is in itself a compendium of all that is best or that at the time was famous among Elizabethan pastorals and love poems. Every living poet of eminence seems to have been drawn upon for a copy of verses, and much was added from the stores of those no longer living." (T. H. Ward.)

(j) "A Poetical Rapsody." 1602. Edited by Francis Davison, who contributed many poems.

II. *The Elizabethan Song Books.* In these books we have a large number of lyrics set to music.

Some of them are taken from the Miscellanies above mentioned, but many are original. In some cases words and tune are by the same author; in others the verses are set to well-known tunes of the day. The chief of these song books are:

(a) William Byrd's collection. This consists of three books of "Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets," published between 1588 and 1611 by William Byrd, organist of Lincoln Cathedral.

(b) Dowland's collection. Three books of "Songs or Airs of four parts, with Tableture for the Lute," by the celebrated musician who is mentioned in Barnfield's sonnet "If music and sweet poetry agree," published between 1597 and 1603.

(c) Campion's collection. Four "Books of Airs" published by Thomas Campion, who wrote both the words and the music of many of them. 1601-1613.

There were also song books by Robert Jones, Thomas Ford, Thomas Vautor, and many others. Copies of most of these books are extremely rare. Of other song books mentioned by contemporary writers, there are now, as far as is known, no copies in existence.

III. *The Plays and Romances of the Period.* Some of the finest Elizabethan lyrics are to be found scattered throughout the plays and romances of the time. A few of these were reprinted in the Miscellanies or the Song Books, but for the most part they form a new collec-

tion. Nowhere is the spontaneous character of the Elizabethan lyrics better illustrated than in these examples. It almost seems as if the authors had spent all their conscious effort on the play or romance itself, and had sung out the songs from time to time through the compelling force of the feelings—pity, sadness, mockery, or sheer light-heartedness—which the story had aroused. For this reason the dramatic value of these songs, as part of the whole work, is great. The reader, and still more the spectator of the drama, feels that in the songs his own feelings have found expression, and have been at once interpreted and satisfied.

It follows naturally from this quality of dramatic suitability possessed by the songs, that they cannot be studied in all their aspects apart from the play in which they occur. Yet it is true also that there is an advantage in considering them as ordinary, unattached lyrics. The attention is thus concentrated on their lyric quality, it is possible to contrast and compare, to recognize common characteristics and to form a general notion of this department of Elizabethan poetry. There is also another reason for the existence of such collections as the present. Many of the Elizabethan plays and romances are marred by faults which, to the taste of a later age, outweigh their merits, except for the purposes of the student. The ordinary reader would probably find many of the works of Shakespeare's

contemporaries tedious, uninteresting, and sometimes unpleasant reading; yet the lyrics are as fresh and beautiful as ever, and as tuneful to twentieth as to sixteenth century ears.

The authors from whose works poems have been taken for the purposes of the present collection range from Wyatt to Shirley. Elizabethan poetry began with Wyatt and Surrey, although they lived and died before Elizabeth came to the throne. They may, indeed, be regarded as the founders of lyrical poetry in England, since although before their time our literature contained many ballads and songs, yet these did not in any sense constitute a real poetic class, and are chiefly valuable as showing that the germ of that power which has since developed into such a wonderful literature was from early times latent in the English people. To Wyatt and Surrey we owe the introduction of the sonnet and various other regular metrical forms; they transmitted to England the beginnings of the Italian influence which was to do so much for Elizabethan literature. Both were famous courtiers and statesmen, as well as poets, and their comparatively short lives—for Wyatt died at the age of thirty-nine and Surrey was beheaded for high treason at the age of thirty—did much both for their own and the succeeding generation.

Nearly forty years passed, and half of Elizabeth's reign was gone before lyrical poetry received its next great addition. Meanwhile,

many influences had been at work. The full force of the Renaissance movement had been making itself felt in learning and letters: from the Continent, and especially from Italy, new forms and fashions in literature had been introduced and had taken root in this country; voyages and travels had opened men's eyes to see a great world of which they had never before dreamed; the religious enthusiasm of the reformers had affected all departments of life. Some of the minor versifiers had begun their work and several Miscellanies and Song Books had been published. The appearance of Spenser's "Shepheard's Calendar" in 1579 seemed to be the signal for a general manifestation of the poetic impulse which had been at work under the surface of Elizabethan life. Sidney wrote his "Arcadia" and his sonnets, though these were not published until ten years later. Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Lodge began to send out their plays and lyrics. Lyly, whose prose novel, "Euphues," had in 1579 gone far towards transforming the language of the court and the court literature, began that series of light fantastic comedies, which, though in substance too slight to be considered as serious additions to the drama, contain many charming lyrics.

The last decade of the sixteenth century showed the culmination of this lyrical outburst. It gave us Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and all the early plays of Shakespeare from which the

larger number of his lyrics may be gathered. It gave us also Shakespeare's "Sonnets," although these were not published until 1609. The best of the Elizabethan Miscellanies were issued during this period. Almost every year saw two or three song books make their appearance. Music became a passion among the people, and great musicians like William Byrd (organist at Lincoln), John Dowland (the wonderful lutenist), Thomas Weelkes (organist successively at Winchester and Chichester), Jones, Rosseter, Ford and Vautor (music-teachers and composers), and, chief of all, Thomas Campion (poet and musical composer)—used every effort to make air and words worthy of each other. "Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the bass-viol hung in the drawing room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern, and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop. They had music at dinner; music at supper; music at weddings; music at funerals; music at night; music at dawn; music at work; and music at play." (Chappell.)

The beginning of the seventeenth century saw Elizabethan poetry still in full vigour. Beaumont, Fletcher, Dekker, Heywood and Ben Jonson took the places of the earlier poets. The exquisite lyrics of "Cymbeline," "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale"

brought the Shakespearean series to a climax. No more Miscellanies appeared, but the writers of song books were still active. With the end of the reign of James I came a change in the tone and spirit of literature. The next group of lyrical poets—Wither, Carew, Herrick, Suckling, Crashaw, etc.—although in some cases their lives overlapped the lives of those whom we consider as true Elizabethans, were far from the Elizabethan spirit. The perfect freedom and spontaneity of the earlier school are gone; and though much is gained in the way of regularity, restraint, correctness of metre and choiceness of epithet, yet a certain artificiality has come to show that the first free outburst of lyrical poetry has passed into a more ordered, conscious and matured method of expression. The influence of the division of the nation into Royalists and Roundheads helped also to introduce a new element. Some few Elizabethans lingered on out of their due time, but they produced little characteristic verse. True Elizabethan poetry may be said to come to an end with James Shirley, who, strictly speaking, cannot be considered as an Elizabethan at all. Yet his "wonderful manipulative dexterity, his power of assimilating and reshaping the creations of his great predecessors," enabled him to produce verses which, both in manner and matter, were so distinctly allied to those of the Elizabethan School, that specimens of them may fitly close this selection.

Contents

I. SONGS FROM THE ELIZABETHAN MISCELLANIES

II. SONGS FROM THE ELIZABETHAN SONG BOOKS

III. SONGS FROM THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS AND ROMANCE WRITERS

PART I

Songs from the Elizabethan Miscellanies

I

FORGET NOT YET

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays!
Forget not yet!

Forget not! oh! forget not this!—
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss!
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved!
The which so long hath thee so loved;
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved!
Forget not yet!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

II

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE

[Wherein he reproveth them that compare their ladies with his.]

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealèd were:
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint:
With wringing hands how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
"Her kingdom only set apart;
There was no loss, by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart!"
And this was chiefly all her pain;
She could not make the like again!

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought;
In faith, methinks! some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

Earl of Surrey.

III

THE SHEPHERD'S DAFFODIL

BATTE

GORBO, as thou cam'st this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray,
Saw'st thou my daffodil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln-green,
The colour maids delight;
And never hath her beauty seen
But through a veil of white,

Than roses richer to behold
That dress up lovers' bowers;
The pansy and the marigold
Are Phœbus' paramours.

GORBO

Thou well describ'st the daffodil,
It is not full an hour
Since by the spring near yonder hill
I saw that lovely flower.

BATTE

Yet with my flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news of her dost bring;
Yet is my daffodil more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

GORBO

I saw a shepherd, that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffodillies.

BATTE

Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see;
For know, my pretty daffodil
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her seat
No lily is so bold;
Except to shade her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold.

GORBO

Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass;
They call her Daffodil.

Whose presence as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet;
As though their heads they downward bent
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
"There goes sweet Daffodil!"

BATTE

Ay, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flock dost fill;
Come, go with me, thou shepherd's boy,
Let us to Daffodil.

Michael Drayton.

IV

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood-side,
When as May was in his pride:
There I spièd all alone
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot,
He would love and she would not,
She said, never man was true.
He said, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long.
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then,
She said maids must kiss no men,
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth;
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse.
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded,
And Phillida with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

Nicholas Breton.

V

MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY

SOME say Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the Gods:
I say, Love,
Inconstant Love,
  Sets men's senses far at odds.
Some swear, Love,
Smooth-faced Love,
  Is sweetest sweet that men can have:
I say, Love,
Sower Love,
  Makes Virtue yield as Beauty's slave.
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,
That forceth Wisdom to be Folly's thrall.

Love is sweet.—
Wherein sweet!
  In fading pleasures that do pain.
Beauty sweet:
Is that sweet
  That yieldeth sorrow for a gain?
If Love's sweet,
Herein sweet
  That minute's joys are monthly woes:

'Tis not sweet,
That is sweet
Nowhere but where repentance grows.
Then love who list, if Beauty be so sower;
Labour for me, Love rest in prince's bower.

Robert Greene.

VI

COLIN CLOUT'S MOURNFUL DITTY FOR THE DEATH OF ASTROPHEL

SHEPHERDS that wont on pipes of oaten reed
Ofttimes to plain your love's concealèd smart,
And with your piteous lays have learnt to breed
Compassion in a country lass's heart:
Hearken, ye gentle shepherds, to my song,
And place my doleful plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournful verse,
The mournfull'st verse that ever man heard tell;
To you whose softened hearts it may impierce
With dolour's dart for death of Astrophel:
To you I sing, and to none other wight,
For, well I wot, my rhymes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to hear or covet them to read,
Think he that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead:
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moved to pity such a case.

Edmund Spenser.

VII

TO PHYLLIS, THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS

MY Phyllis hath the morning Sun,
  At first to look upon her;
And Phyllis hath morn-waking birds,
  Her rising still to honour.
My Phyllis hath prime-feathered flowers,
  That smile when she treads on them;
And Phyllis hath a gallant flock,
  That leaps since she doth own them.
But Phyllis hath too hard a heart,
  Alas, that she should have it!

It yields no mercy to desert,
  Nor grace to those that crave it.
Sweet Sun, when thou look'st on,
  Pray her regard my moan!
Sweet birds, when you sing to her,
  To yield some pity, woo her!
Sweet flowers, that she treads on,
  Tell her her beauty deads one.
And if in life her love she nill agree me,
  Pray her before I die, she will come see me.

Thomas Lodge.

VIII

SONNET

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven in honour of my love.
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresoe'er you were, with you, my love, should go.
Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.
Wheresoe'er I am, below or else above you,
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

J. Sylvester.

IX

A PALINODE

AS withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains:
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble and the snow,
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, which short life gathers,
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy.
The withered primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer's sun from weeping fountains,
The light-blown bubble, vanishèd for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

For as the snow, whose lawn did overspread
Th' ambitious hills, which giant-like did threat
To pierce the heaven with their aspiring head,
Naked and bare doth leave their craggy seat:

When as the bubble, which did empty fly,
The dalliance of the undiscernèd wind,
On whose calm, rolling waves it did rely,
Hath shipwreck made where it did dalliance find;
And when the sunshine which dissolved the snow,
Coloured the bubble with a pleasant vary,
And made the rathe and timely primrose grow,
Swarth clouds withdraw, which longer time do tarry:
O what is praise, pomp, glory, joy, but so
As shine by fountains, bubbles, flowers, or snow?

Edmund Bolton.

X

THE UNKNOWN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT

MY flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
My rams speed not, all is amiss:
Love is denying, Faith is defying;
Heart's renying, causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot;
Where her faith was firmly fixed in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross wrought all my loss;
O frowning fortune, cursèd fickle dame!
For now I see inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me, living in thrall;
Heart is bleeding, all help needing,
O cruel speeding, fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell,
My curtail dog that wont to have played,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep, procures to weep,
In howling-wise to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound, through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquished men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meeting on the plains,
All our evening sports from us are fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet Love, thy like ne'er was,
For sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon must live alone;
Other help for him, I see that there is none.

Ignoto.

XI

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY

AS it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by and by:
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
—"Ah," thought I, "thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain;
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:

Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a King;'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandement;
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe."

Richard Barnfield.

XII

DAMÆTA'S MADRIGAL IN PRAISE OF HIS DAPHNIS

TUNE on my pipe the praises of my love,
Love fair and bright;
Fill earth with sound, and airy heavens above,
Heaven's Jove's delight,
With Daphnis' praise.

To pleasant Tempe groves and plains about,
Plains shepherds' pride
Resounding echoes of her praise ring out,
Ring far and wide
My Daphnis' praise.

When I begin to sing, begin to sound!
Sound loud and shrill!
Do make each note upon the skies rebound!
Skies calm and still,
With Daphnis' praise.

Her tresses are like wires of beaten gold,
Gold bright and sheen;
Like Nisus' golden hair that Scylla polled,
Scylla o'erseen
Through Minos' love.

Her eyes like shining lamps in midst of night,
Night dark and dead,
Or as the stars that give the seamen light,
Light for to lead
Their wand'ring ships.

Amidst her cheeks the rose and lily strive,
Lily snow-white,
When their contend doth make their colour thrive,
Colour too bright
For shepherds' eyes.

Her lips like scarlet of the finest dye,
Scarlet blood-red;
Teeth white as snow which on the hills doth lie,
Hills overspread
By Winter's force.

Her skin as soft as is the finest silk,
Silk soft and fine,
Of colour like unto the whitest milk,
Milk of the kine
Of Daphnis' herd.

As swift of foot as is the pretty roe,
Roe swift of pace,
When yelping hounds pursue her to and fro,
Hounds fierce in chase,
To reave her life.

Cease, tongues, to tell of any more compares,
Compares too rude,
Daphnis' deserts and beauty are too rare:
Then here conclude
Fair Daphnis' praise.

J. Wootton.

XIII

A ROUNDELAY BETWEEN TWO SHEPHERDS

First Shep.

TELL me, thou gentle shepherd swain,
Who's yonder in the vale is set?

Second Shep.

Oh, it is she, whose sweets do stain
The lily, rose, the violet!

First Shep.

Why doth the sun against his kind
Fix his bright chariot in the skies?

Second Shep.

Because the sun is stricken blind
With looking on her heavenly eyes.

First Shep.

Why do thy flocks forbear their food,
Which sometime were thy chief delight?

SECOND SHEP.

Because they need no other good
That live in presence of her sight.

FIRST SHEP.

Why look these flowers so pale and ill,
That once attired this goodly heath?

SECOND SHEP.

She hath robbed nature of her skill,
And sweetens all things with her breath.

FIRST SHEP.

Why slide these brooks so slow away,
Whose bubbling murmurs pleased thine ear?

SECOND SHEP.

Oh, marvel not although they stay,
When they her heavenly voice do hear!

FIRST SHEP.

From whence come all these shepherd swains,
And lovely nymphs attired in green?

SECOND SHEP.

From gathering garlands on the plains,
To crown our fair the shepherds' queen.

BOTH

The sun that lights this world below,
Flocks, flowers, and brooks will witness bear:
These nymphs and shepherds all do know,
That it is she is only fair.

Michael Drayton.

XIV

SIRENO, A SHEPHERD

Having a lock of his fair nymph's hair wrapt about with green silk, mourns thus in a love-ditty.

WHAT changes here, O hair,
I see since I saw you!
How ill fits you this green to wear,
For hope the colour due!
Indeed, I well did hope,
Though hope were mixed with fear,
No other shepherd should have scope
Once to approach this heare.

Ah hair! how many days
  My Dian made me show,
With thousand pretty childish plays,
  If I ware you or no!
Alas! how oft with tears,
  (Oh, tears of guileful breast!)
She seemèd full of jealous fears,
  Whereat I did but jest!

Tell me, O hair of gold,
  If I then faulty be,
That trust those killing eyes I would,
  Since they did warrant me?
Have you not seen her mood,
  What streams of tears she spent,
Till that I sware my faith so stood,
  As her words had it bent?

Who hath such beauty seen,
  In one that changeth so?
Or where one's love so constant been,
  Who ever saw such woe?
Ah, hairs, are you not grieved,
  To come from whence you be,
Seeing how once you saw I lived,
  To see me as you see?

On sandy bank of late,
  I saw this woman sit,
Where, *sooner die than change my state*,
  She with her finger writ.

Thus my belief was stayed
(Behold Love's mighty hand)
On things were by a woman said
And written in the sand!

Translated by Sir Philip Sidney, out of "Diana of Montmaior."

XV

THE SHEPHERD'S ANTHEM

NEAR to a bank with roses set about,
Where pretty turtles joining bill to bill,
And gentle springs steal softly murmuring out,
Washing the foot of pleasure's sacred hill,
There little love sore wounded lies,
His bow and arrows broken,
Bedewed with tears from Venus' eyes;
Oh, that it should be spoken!

Bear him my heart, slain with her scornful eye,
Where sticks the arrow that poor hart did kill,
With whose sharp pile, yet will him ere he die,
About my heart to write his latest will.
And bid him send it back to me,
At instant of his dying,
That cruel, cruel she may see,
My faith and her denying.

His hearse shall be a mournful cypress shade,
And for a chantry Philomel's sweet lay;
Where prayër shall continually be made
By pilgrim lovers passing by that way,
With nymphs' and shepherds' yearly moan,
His timeless death beweeping;
And telling that my heart alone
Hath his last will in keeping.

Michael Drayton.

XVI

ANOTHER OF ASTROPHEL

THE nightingale as soon as April bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late-bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making;
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppresseth
For Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.
O Philomela fair, O take some gladness,
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness;
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of anguish
But Tereus' love, on her by strong hand wroken,
Wherein she suffering, all her spirits languish,
Full womanlike complains her will was broken.
But I, who, daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cause to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much having.
O Philomela fair, O take some gladness
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness;
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

Sir Philip Sidney.

XVII

ASTROPHEL'S LOVE IS DEAD

RING out your bells, let mourning shews be spread;
For Love is dead:
All love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain:
Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weep, neighbours, weep; do you not hear it said
That Love is dead?
His death-bed, peacock's folly;
His winding sheet is shame;
His will, false-seeming holy,
His sole exec'tor, blame.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Let dirge be sung and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead:
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart;
Which epitaph containeth,
"Her eyes were once his dart."
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Alas, I lie; rage hath this error bred;
Love is not dead:
Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatchèd mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth
Till due deserts she find.
Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a frenzy,
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us.

Sir Philip Sidney.

XVIII

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
An if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe.

XIX

THE NYMPH'S REPLY

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All those in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed:
Had joys no date, nor age no need:
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

XX

THE WOODMAN'S WALK

THROUGH a fair forest as I went
Upon a summer's day,
I met a woodman quaint and gent,
Yet in a strange array.
I marvelled much at his disguise,
Whom I did know so well;
But thus in terms both grave and wise,
His mind he 'gan to tell.
Friend, muse not at this fond array,
But list awhile to me;
For it hath holp me to survey
What I shall show to thee;
Long lived I in this forest fair,
Till weary of my weal,
Abroad in walks I would repair,
As now I will reveal.

My first day's walk was to the Court,
  Where beauty fed mine eyes;
Yet found I that the courtly sport
  Did mask in sly disguise.
For falsehood sat in fairest looks,
  And friend to friend was coy;
Court favour filled but empty books
  And there I found no joy.
Desert went naked in the cold
  When crouching craft was fed;
Sweet words were cheaply bought and sold,
  But none that stood in stead.
Wit was employed for each man's own,
  Plain meaning came too short;
All these devices seen and known,
  Made me forsake the Court.
Unto the city next I went,
  In hope of better hap;
Where liberally I launched and spent,
  As set on fortune's lap.
The little stock I had in store
  Methought would ne'er be done;
Friends flocked about me more and more,
  As quickly lost as won.
For when I spent then they were kind,
  But when my purse did fail,
The foremost man came last behind;
  Thus love with wealth doth quail.
Once more for footing yet I strove,
  Although the world did frown,
But they before that held me up,
  Together trod me down.

And lest once more I should arise,
They sought my quite decay;
Then got I into this disguise,
And thence, I stole away.
And in my mind, methought, I said,
Lord bless me from the city!
Where simpleness is thus betrayed
And no remorse or pity.
Yet would I not give over so,
But once more try my fate,
And to the country then I go,
To live in quiet state.
There did appear no subtle shows,
But yea and nay went smoothly;
But, Lord, how country folks can glose,
When they speak most soothly!
More craft was in a buttoned cap,
And in an old wive's sail,
Than in my life it was my hap
To see on down or dale.
There was no open forgery,
But underhanded gleaning;
Which they call country policy,
But hath a worser meaning.
Some good bold face bears out the wrong,
Because he gains thereby;
The poor man's back is cracked ere long,
Yet there he lets him lie;
And no degree among them all
But had such close intending;
That I upon my knees did fall,
And prayed for their amending.

Back to the woods I got again,
  In mind perplexèd sore,
Where I found ease of all this pain,
  And mean to stray no more.
There city, court nor country too,
  Can anyway annoy me;
But as a woodman ought to do,
  I freely may employ me.
There live I quietly alone,
  And none to trip my talk;
Wherefore when I am dead and gone,
  Think on the woodman's walk.

Shepherd Tony.

XXI

A SONNET OF THE MOON

LOOK how the pale Queen of the silent night
Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her,
And he as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honour:
But when the silver waggon of the Moon
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow;

So you, that are the sovereign of my heart,
Have all my joys attending on your will;
My joys low-ebbing when you do depart,
When you return, their tide my heart doth fill;
So as you come, and as you do depart,
Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

Charles Best.

XXII

OF NEPTUNE'S EMPIRE LET US SING

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey:
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding:
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields
Wherein they dwell;
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his watery cell,
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring,
Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding:
The sea-nymphs chaunt their accents shrill,
And the Syrens, taught to kill

With their sweet voice,
Make every echoing rock reply,
Unto their gentle murmuring noise,
The praise of Neptune's empery.

Thomas Campion.

XXIII

WHEN TO HER LUTE CORINNA SINGS

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear
As any challenged echo clear.
But when she doth of mourning speak
E'en with her sighs the strings do break.
And as her lute doth live and die,
Led by her passions, so must I:
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring;
But if she doth of sorrow speak,
E'en from my heart the strings do break.

Thomas Campion.

XXIV

MADRIGAL. IN PRAISE OF TWO

FAUSTINA hath the fairer face,
And Phillida the feater grace;
Both have mine eye enriched:
This sings full sweetly with her voice,
Her fingers make as sweet a noise:
Both have mine ear bewitched.
Ah me! sith Fates have so provided,
My heart, alas! must be divided.

Anon.

PART II

Songs from the Elizabethan Song Books

I

A FEIGNÈD FRIEND BY PROOF I FIND

A FEIGNÈD friend by proof I find
To be a greater foe
Than he that with a spiteful mind
Doth seek my overthrow;
For of the one I can beware,
With craft the other breeds my care.

Such men are like the hidden rocks
Which in the seas doth lie,
Against the which each ship that knocks
Is drownèd suddenly:
No greater fraud nor more unjust
Than false deceit hid under trust.

From William Byrd's
Psalms, Songs and Sonnets.

II

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

MY mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall:
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack, my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's pain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloakèd craft their store of skill;
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I.

Sir Edward Dyer.
Wm. Byrd's Song Book.

III

I SAW MY LADY WEEP

I SAW my lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advancèd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion, wise; Tears, a delightful thing;
Silence, beyond all speech, a wisdom rare:
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve!
Enough, enough: your joyful look excels:
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

Anon.
Dowland's Song Book.

IV

WEEP YOU NO MORE, SAD FOUNTAINS

WEEP you no more, sad fountains:
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping!
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping.

Anon.
Dowland's Song Book.

V

FLOW NOT SO FAST, YE FOUNTAINS

FLOW not so fast, ye fountains;
What needeth all this haste?
Swell not above your mountains,
Nor spend your time in waste.
Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears
Must still fall, dropping from their spheres.

Weep they apace, whom Reason
Or lingering Time can ease:
My sorrow can no season,
Nor ought besides appease.
Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears
Must still fall, dropping from their spheres.

Time can abate the terror
Of every common pain:
But common grief is error,
True grief will still remain.
Gentle springs, freshly your salt tears
Must still fall, dropping from their spheres.

From John Dowland's Third Book of Songs.

VI

AWAKE, AWAKE! THOU HEAVY SPRITE

AWAKE, awake! thou heavy sprite
That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin!
Rise now and walk the ways of light,
'Tis not too late yet to begin.
Seek heaven early, seek it late;
True Faith finds still an open gate.

Get up, get up thou leaden man!
Thy track, to endless joy or pain,
Yields but the model of a span;
Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain!
One minute bounds thy bane or bliss;
Then watch and labour while time is.

Campion's Song Book.

VII

EVERY DAME AFFECTS GOOD FAME

EVERY dame affects good fame, whate'er her doings be,
But true praise is Virtue's bays, which none may wear but she.

Borrowed guise fits not the wise, a simple look
is best;
Native grace becomes a face though ne'er so
rudely drest.
Now such new-found toys are sold these women
to disguise,
That before the year grows old the newest
fashion dies.

Dames of yore contended more in goodness to
exceed,
Than in pride to be envied for that which least
they need,
Little lawn then serve[d] the Pawn, if Pawn at
all there were;
Homespun thread and household bread then
held out all the year.
But th' attires of women now wear out both
house and land;
That the wives in silk may flow, at ebb the
good men stand.

Once again Astræd! then from heaven to earth
descend,
And vouchsafe in their behalf these errors to
amend.
Aid from heaven must make all even, things
are so out of frame;
For let man strive all he can, he needs must
please his dame.

Happy man! content that gives and what he gives enjoys!
Happy dame, content that lives and breaks no sleep for toys!

Campion's Song Book.

VIII

JACK AND JOAN, THEY THINK NO ILL

JACK and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their weekday's work and pray
Devoutly on the holy-day:
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy:—
All their pleasure is, Content,
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her windows with green boughs;
She can wreaths and tutties make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.

Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
And his long flail can stoutly toss:
Makes the hedge which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights,
Though you scorn the homespun gray,
And revel in your rich array;
Though your tongues dissemble deep
And can your heads from danger keep;
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain!

Thomas Campion.

IX

NEVER LOVE UNLESS YOU CAN

NEVER love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man!
Men sometimes will jealous be
Though but little cause they see,
And hang the head as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men, that but one Saint adore,
Make a show of love to more;
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one:
For what is courtship but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men, when their affairs require
Must awhile themselves retire;
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk:—
If these and such-like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear!

Thomas Campion.

X

NOW WINTER NIGHTS ENLARGE

NOW winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Set now the chimneys blaze,
And cups o'erflow with wine;
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love,
While youthful revels, masques and courtly sights
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence
Though beauty no remorse.

All do not all things well;
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poems smoothly read.
The summer hath his joys
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.

T. Campion.
Campion's Song Book.

XI

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows
They look like rose-buds filled with snow.
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
  Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
  All that attempt with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry!

Anon.
Campion's Song Book.

XII

THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

THE man of life upright,
  Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
  Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
  In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
  Nor sorrow discontent,

That man needs neither towers
  Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
  From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
  With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
  And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

Thomas Campion.
Campion and Rossiter's Song Book.

XIII

WHEN THOU MUST HOME

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iopé, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move,

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of Knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake;

When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me!

Thomas Campion.
Campion and Rossiter's Song Book.

XIV

HAPPY HE

HAPPY he
Who to sweet home retired,
Shuns glory so admired;
And to himself lives free!
Whilst he who strives, with pride, to climb the skies,
Falls down, with foul disgrace, before he rise.

Let who will
The Active Life commend:
And all his travails bend
Earth with his fame to fill!
Such fame, so forced, at last dies with his death;
Which life maintained, by others' idle breath.

My delights,
To dearest home confined,
Shall there make good my mind
Not awed with fortune's spites:
High trees heaven blasts, winds shake and honours fell,
When lowly plants long time in safety dwell.

All I can,
My worldly strife shall be,
They, one day, say of me,
"He died a good old man!"
On his sad soul a heavy burden lies,
Who, known to all, unknown to himself, dies.

Anon.
Robert Jones' Song Book.

XV

HOW MANY NEW YEARS

HOW many new years have grown old
Since first your servant old was new;
How many long hours have I told
Since first my love was vowed to you;
And yet, alas, she does not know
Whether her servant love or no.

How many walls as white as snow,
And windows clear as any glass,
Have I conjured to tell you so,
Which faithfully performèd was;
And yet you'll swear you do not know
Whether your servant love or no.

How often hath my pale, lean face,
With true characters of my love,
Petitionèd to you for grace,
Whom neither sighs nor tears can move;
O cruel, yet you do not know
Whether your servant love or no.

And wanting oft a better token,
I have been fain to send my heart,
Which now your cold disdain hath broken,
Nor can you heal 't by any art:
O look upon 't and you shall know
Whether your servant love or no.

Anon.
Robert Jones' Song Book.

XVI

THE SEA HATH MANY THOUSAND SANDS

THE sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many;
The sky is full of stars, and Love
As full of woes as any:
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself!

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal:—
But O! the honeys of our youth
Are oft our age's gall!
Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so;

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
Tells truth without belief;
For headstrong Youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief:—
Love's Martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's Confessor at the last.

Anon.
Robert Jones' Song Book.

XVII

MOTHER, I WILL HAVE A HUSBAND

MOTHER, I will have a husband,
And I will have him out of hand!
Mother, I will sure have one
In spite of her that will have none.

John-a-Dun should have had me long ere this:
He said I had good lips to kiss.
Mother, I will sure have one
In spite of her that will have none.

For I have heard tis trim when folks do love;
By good Sir John I swear now I will prove.
For, mother, I will sure have one
In spite of her that will have none.

To the town, therefore, will I gad
To get me a husband, good or bad.

Mother, I will sure have one
In spite of her that will have none.

From Thomas Vautor's
Songs of divers Airs and Natures, 1619.

XVIII

SWEET SUFFOLK OWL

SWEET Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers, like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo!
Thy note that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo!

Thomas Vautor
From Vautor's Song Book.

XIX

AY ME, CAN EVERY RUMOUR

AY me, can every rumour
Thus start my lady's humour?
Name ye some galante to her,
Why straight forsooth I woo her.

Then burst[s] she forth in passion
"You men love but for fashion;"
Yet sure I am that no man
Ever so loved woman.
Then alas, love, be wary,
For women be contrary.

From John Wilbye's
English Madrigals.

XX

A WOOING SONG OF A YEOMAN OF KENT'S SON

I HAVE house and land in Kent,
And if you'll love me, love me now;
Twopence-halfpenny is my rent,
I cannot come every day to woo.

CHORUS.

Twopence-halfpenny is his rent,
And he cannot come every day to woo.

Ich am my vather's eldest zonne,
My mother eke doth love me well,
For ich can bravely clout my shoone,
And ich full well can ring a bell.

CHORUS.

For he can bravely clout his shoone,
And he full well can ring a bell.

My vather he gave me a hog,
  My mouther she gave me a zow;
I have a God-vather dwels thereby,
  And he on me bestowed a plow.

CHORUS.
  He has a God-vather dwells thereby,
  And he on him bestowed a plough.

One time I gave thee a paper of pins,
  Another time a tawdry-lace;
And if thou wilt not grant me love,
  In truth ich die bevore thy vace.

CHORUS.
  And if thou wilt not grant his love,
  In truth he'll die bevore thy face.

Ich have been twice our Whitson-lord,
  Ich have had ladies many vair,
And eke thou hast my heart in hold
  And in my mind zeemes passing rare.

CHORUS.
  And eke thou hadst his heart in hold
  And in his mind zeemes passing rare.

Ich will put on my best white slops
  And ich will wear my yellow hose,
And on my head a good grey hat,
  And in't ich stick a lovely rose.

CHORUS.

And on his head a good grey hat,
And in't he'll stick a lovely rose.

Wherefore cease off, make no delay
And if you'll love me, love me now
Or else ich zeek zome oderwhere,
For I cannot come every day to woo.

CHORUS.

Or else he'll zeek zome oderwhere,
For he cannot come every day to woo.

From Thomas Ravenscroft's Melismata.

XXI

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FROG AND THE MOUSE

IT was the frog in the well,
Humbledum, Humbledum,
And the merry mouse in the mill,
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

The frog would a-wooing ride
Sword and buckler by his side.

When he upon his high horse set,
His boots they shone as black as jet.

When he came to the merry mill-pin,—
"Lady Mouse, been you within?"

Then came out the dusty mouse:
"I am Lady of this house:

Hast thou any mind of me?"
"I have e'en great mind of thee."

"Who shall this marriage make?"
"Our Lord which is the rat."

"What shall we have to our supper?"
"Three beans in a pound of butter."

When supper they were at,
The frog, the mouse, and e'en the rat;

Then came in Gib our cat,
And catched the mouse e'en by the back.

Then did they separate,
And the frog leaped on the floor so flat.

Then came in Dick our drake,
And drew the frog e'en to the lake.

The rat run up the wall,
  Humbledum, humbledum;
A goodly company, the Devil go with all!
  Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

From Thomas Ravenscroft's Melismata.

XXII

THE BELLMAN'S SONG

MAIDS to bed and cover coal;
Let the mouse out of her hole;
Crickets in the chimney sing
Whilst the little bell doth ring:
If fast asleep, who can tell
When the clapper hits the bell?

From Thomas Ravenscroft's Melismata.

XXIII

THE FAIRIES' DANCE

DARE you haunt our hallowed green?
None but fairies here are seen.
Down and sleep,
Wake and weep,
Pinch him black, and pinch him blue,
That seeks to steal a lover true!
When you come to hear us sing,
Or to tread our fairy ring,
Pinch him black, and pinch him blue!
O thus our nails shall handle you!

From Thomas Ravenscroft's Brief Discourse, etc.

XXIV

IN MIDST OF WOODS OR PLEASANT GROVE

IN midst of woods or pleasant grove,
Where all sweet birds do sing,
Methought I heard so rare a sound
Which made the heavens to ring.

The charm was good, the noise full sweet,
Each bird did play his part;
And I admired to hear the same,
Joy sprang into my heart.

The blackbird made the sweetest sound,
Whose tunes did far excel;
Full pleasantly, and most profound
Was all things placèd well.

Thy pretty tunes, mine own sweet bird,
Done with so good a grace,
Extols thy name, prefers the same
Abroad in every place.

Thy music grave, bedeckèd well
With sundry points of skill,
Bewrays thy knowledge excellent
Ingrafted in thy will.

My tongue shall speak, my pen shall write
In praise of thee to tell;
The sweetest bird that ever was,
In friendly sort farewell.

From John Mundy's
Song and Psalms.

XXV

SHALL A FROWN OR ANGRY EYE

SHALL a frown or angry eye,
Shall a word unfitly placed,
Shall a shadow make me flie
As if I were with tigers chased?
Love must not be so disgraced.

Shall I woo her in despight?
Shall I turn her from her flying?
Shall I tempt her with delight?
Shall I laugh at her denying?
No: beware of lovers' crying.

Shall I then with patient mind,
Still attend her wayward pleasure?
Time will make her prove more kind,
Let her coyness then take leisure:
She is worthy such a treasure.

From William Corkine's Airs.

XXVI

SISTER, AWAKE!

SISTER, awake! close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping,
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping.

Therefore awake! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the Park a-Maying.

Anon.

Thomas Bateson's Eng. Madrigals.

XXVII

THE LOVE OF CHANGE HATH CHANGED THE WORLD

THE love of change hath changed the world throughout,
And what is counted good but that is strange?
New things wax old, old new, all turns about,
And all things change except the love of change.
Yet find I not that love of change in me,
But as I am so will I always be.

From Richard Carlton's Madrigals.

XXVIII

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guide,
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir Philip Sidney.

XXIX

FAIN WOULD I CHANGE THAT NOTE

FAIN would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harmed me:
Yet when this thought doth come
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee!

Anon.

XXX

LET NOT THY BLACKNESS MOVE THEE TO DESPAIR

LET not thy blackness move thee to
despair;
Black women are beloved of men that's fair.
What if thy hair her flaxen brightness lack!
Thy face is comely though thy brow be black.

From Christ Church MS.

XXXI

YET IF HIS MAJESTY, OUR SOVEREIGN LORD

YET if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand.

"Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

"Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions on the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!"

Thus, if the king were coming, would we do,
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in a manger.

Christ Church MS.

XXXII

WE MUST NOT PART

WE must not part as others do,
With sighs and tears, as we were two;
Though with these outward forms we part,
We keep each other in our heart.
What search hath found a being, where
I am not, if that thou be there?

True love hath wings, and can as soon
Survey the world as sun and moon,
And everywhere our triumphs keep
O'er absence which makes others weep:
By which alone a power is given
To live on earth, as they in heaven.

From Egerton MS.

PART III

Songs from the Elizabethan Dramatists and Romance Writers

JOHN LYLY

I

CUPID AND MY CAMPASPE

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows:
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin—
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes.—
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

From Alexander and Campaspe.

II

SPRING'S WELCOME

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O, 'tis the ravished nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu! she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! Who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note:
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo! to welcome in the Spring!
Cuckoo! to welcome in the Spring!

From Alexander and Campaspe.

III

SONG TO APOLLO

SING to Apollo, god of day,
Whose golden beams with morning play,
And make her eyes so brightly shine,
Aurora's face is called divine;
Sing to Phœbus and that throne
Of diamonds which he sits upon.
Io, pæans let us sing
To Physic's and to Poesy's King!

Crown all his altars with bright fire,
Laurels bind about his lyre,
A Daphnean coronet for his head,
The Muses dance about his bed;
When on his ravishing lute he plays,
Strew his temple round with bays.
Io, pæans let us sing
To the glittering Delian King!

From Midas.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

IV

MY SHEEP ARE THOUGHTS

DORUS TO PAMELA

MY sheep are thoughts, which I both guide and serve;
Their pasture is fair hills of fruitless love,
On barren sweets they feed, and feeding starve,
I wail their lot, but will not other prove;
My sheephook is wan hope, which all upholds;
My weeds Desire, cut out in endless folds;
What wool my sheep shall bear, whilst thus they live,
In you it is, you must the judgment give.

From Arcadia.

GEORGE PEELE

V

CUPID'S CURSE

SHE

FAIR and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

HE

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

SHE

My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay
My merry merry merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!
My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.

From The Arraignment of Paris.

VI

HIS GOLDEN LOCKS

HIS golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,
"Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong!"
Goddess, allow this agèd man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

From Polyhymnia.

ROBERT GREENE

VII

AH, WERE SHE PITIFUL

AH, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
Under wide heavens, but yet [I know] not such.
So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compassed she is with thorns and cankered flower,
Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be comparèd to her note;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat.
Ah, when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,
And at her sight the night foul vapour's fled;
When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast.

From Pandosto.

VIII

SEPHESTIA'S SONG

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

From Menaphon.

IX

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

AH, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too:
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too:
For kings bethink then what the state require,
While shepherds careless carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
And blither too:
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth a king upon his beds of down;
More sounder too:
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe:
And blither too:

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

From The Mourning Garment.

X

SWEET ARE THE THOUGHTS

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

From Farewell to Folly.

THOMAS NASH

XI

SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring.
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

From Summer's Last Will and Testament.

XII

WINTER, PLAGUE AND PESTILENCE

AUTUMN hath all the summer's fruitful treasure;
Gone is our sport, fled in our Croydon's pleasure!
Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace:
Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.
From winter, plague and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us!

London doth mourn, Lambeth is quite forlorn!
Trades cry, woe worth that ever they were born!
The want of term is town and city's harm;
Close chambers we do want to keep us warm.
Long banishèd must we live from our friends;
This low-built house will bring us to our ends.
From winter, plague and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us!

From Summer's Last Will and Testament.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

XIII

WINTER

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
To-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
To-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

From Love's Labour's Lost.

XIV

WHO IS SILVIA?

WHO is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

From The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

XV

YE SPOTTED SNAKES

YE spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen:
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

From A Midsummer Night's Dream.

XVI

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED

TELL me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

From The Merchant of Venice.

XVII

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

From Much Ado About Nothing.

XVIII

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

From As You Like It.

XIX

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

From As You Like It.

XX

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

From As You Like It.

XXI

O MISTRESS MINE

O mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming.
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

From Twelfth-Night.

XXII

COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it:
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

From Twelfth-Night.

XXIII

TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

From Measure for Measure.

XXIV

HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW

HOW should I your true love know,
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

From Hamlet.

XXV

HARK, HARK! THE LARK

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

From Cymbeline.

XXVI

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must,
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

From Cymbeline.

XXVII

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark! hark!
Bow-bow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!

From The Tempest.

XXVIII

FULL FATHOM FIVE

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

From The Tempest.

XXIX

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

From The Tempest.

XXX

WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O! how they sing,
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

From The Winter's Tale.

XXXI

JOG ON, JOG ON

JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

From The Winter's Tale.

XXXII

LAWN AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW

LAWN as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

From The Winter's Tale.

XXXIII

WILL YOU BUY ANY TAPE

WILL you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

From The Winter's Tale.

XXXIV

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

From King Henry VIII.

THOMAS LODGE.

XXXV

ROSALYNDE'S MADRIGAL

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, still ye?

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence;

I'll shut my eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee
O Cupid! So thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

From Rosalynde.

XXXVI

A TURTLE SAT UPON A LEAFLESS TREE

A TURTLE sat upon a leafless tree,
Mourning her absent pheer
With sad and sorry cheer:
About her wondering stood
The citizens of wood,
And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her love laments,
The stately trees complain them,
The birds with sorrow pain them;

Each one that doth her view,
Her pain and sorrows rue;
But were the sorrows known
That me hath overthrown,
Oh how would Phœbe sigh, if she did look on me?

The lovesick Polypheme that could not see,
Who on the barren shore,
His fortunes doth deplore,
And melteth all in moan
For Galatea gone;
And with his piteous cries,
Afflicts both earth and skies,
And to his woe betook,
Doth break both pipe and hook:
For whom complains the morn,
For whom the Sea Nymphs mourn;
Alas, his pain is naught;
For were my woe but thought,
Oh, how would Phœbe sigh, if she did look on me?

Beyond compare my pain:
Yet glad am I
If gentle Phœbe deign
To see her Montan die.

From Rosalynde.

BEN JONSON

XXXVII

ECHO'S LAMENT OF NARCISSUS

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears:
Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop.
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

From Cynthia's Revels.

XXXVIII

STILL TO BE NEAT

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

From The Silent Woman.

THOMAS DEKKER

XXXIX

ART THOU POOR?

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet Content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O Punishment!
Dost laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet Content, O sweet, O sweet Content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour bears a lovely face.
Then hey noney, noney; hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet Content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O Punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king.
O sweet Content, O sweet, O sweet Content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour bears a lovely face.
Then hey noney, noney; hey noney, noney.

From Patient Grisel.

XL

LULLABY

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

From Patient Grisel.

XLI

HAYMAKERS, RAKERS

HAYMAKERS, rakers, reapers and mowers,
Wait on your Summer-Queen!
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green!
Sing, dance and play,
'Tis holiday!
The sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl.
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine.
Let us die ere away they be borne.

Bow to our Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports;
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in princes' courts.
These and we
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow.

Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams
'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lusty cry;
Spring up, you falconers, partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly!
Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'Tis a sport to content a king.
So ho! ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And sousing, kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring.

From The Sun's Darling.

THOMAS HEYWOOD

XLII

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,
Sing birds in every furrow;
And from each hill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

From The Rape of Lucrece.

XLIII

YE LITTLE BIRDS

YE little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phyllis sweetly walks
Within her garden alleys;
Go pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah, me! methinks I see her frown!
"Ye pretty wantons, warble!"

Go tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love
Which from the world is hidden.
Go pretty birds and tell her so,
See that your notes strain not too low,
For, still, methinks, I see her frown!
"Ye pretty wantons, warble!"

Go tune your voices' harmony
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her;
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown!
"Ye pretty wantons, warble!"

O fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber!
Sing round about her rosy bed
That waking she may wonder:
Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

From The Fair Maid of the Exchange.

JOHN FLETCHER

XLIV

WEEP NO MORE

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan;
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

From The Queen of Corinth.

XLV

HENCE, ALL YOU VAIN DELIGHTS

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

From The Nice Valour.

XLVI

CARE-CHARMING SLEEP

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers;—easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince gently, oh gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

From Valentinian.

XLVII

SONG TO BACCHUS

GOD Lyæus, ever young
Ever honoured, ever sung;
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;

From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine;
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear.

From Valentinian.

SHAKESPEARE AND FLETCHER

XLVIII

ROSES, THEIR SHARP SPINES BEING GONE

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Larks'-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

From The Two Noble Kinsmen.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

XLIX

LAY A GARLAND ON MY HEARSE

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

From The Maid's Tragedy.

JOHN FORD

I

GLORIES, PLEASURES

GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,
Can but please
Outward senses, when the mind
Is or untroubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

From The Broken Heart.

LI

FLY HENCE, SHADOWS

FLY hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charmed in sleep!
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts chained up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Love and griefs are so exprest,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charmed in sleep.

From The Lover's Melancholy.

JAMES SHIRLEY

LII

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

From Cupid and Death.

LIII

NO ARMOUR AGAINST FATE

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
  See where the victor-victim bleeds:
    Your heads must come
    To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

From The Contention of
Ajax and Ulysses.

Notes

I

1. This poem was probably addressed to Anne Boleyn, for whom Sir Thomas Wyatt is said to have long cherished a secret affection.

Whan, when.

3. *Doth keep*, remains, has his station.

Smirking, smiling.

4. This song was first given as "The Ploughman's Song" in the "Honourable Entertainment Given to the Queen's Majesty in a Progress at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Hertford in 1591." In 1600 it was published in "England's Helicon" under the title of "Phillida and Corydon."

5. Mr Edmund Gosse says of this lyric "His (Greene's) metres are very various, and are usually in direct analogy with the theme in hand. . . . Menaphon laments the precarious and volatile nature of love in lines that rise and fall with the rush of a swallow's flight."

6. "Colin Clout" was the name under which Spenser published his first poem "The Shepheard's Calendar," and was intended, by its rusticity, to be in keeping with the character of the work. "Astrophel" was the name adopted by Sidney, first in connexion with his "Astrophel and Stella" Sonnet Series, and afterwards in various other lyrics.

Been rudely dight, are written in homely fashion.

7. This lyric first appeared in Lodge's "Phyllis Honored with Pastoral Sonnets" in 1593. Seven years later it was reprinted in "England's Helicon," and there, by some mistake, the initials "S.E.D." were subscribed to it. For this reason the poem has frequently been attributed to Sir Edward Dyer.

Deads one, causes death to a person; "dead" was often used as a verb in Elizabethan English.

Nill, will not.

9. *Palinode*, a song or poem in which the writer contradicts or recants a former one. (Gr. palin, back; ode, a song.)

10. *Renying*, disowning, renouncing. (Fr. renier from L. re, back; nego, to deny.)

Forlorn me, forsaken me.

Deal, part.

Curtail dog. "Originally the dog of an unqualified person, which, by the forest laws, must have its tail cut short, partly as a mark, and partly from a notion that the tail of a dog is necessary to him in running. In later usage 'curtail dog' means either a common dog not meant for sport or a dog that missed his game." (Nares.)

Ignoto. "Ignoto" has been identified with Sir Walter Raleigh. A. H. Bullen, however, has this note: "There is good ground for attributing this poem (which is signed 'Ignoto' in 'England's Helicon,' 1600) to Richard Barnfield, for the poem that follows, which undoubtedly belongs to Barnfield, is headed 'Another of the same Shepherd's.'"

11. *King Pandion, etc.* The mythical story connected with the nightingale is a very favourite one with the Elizabethan poets. Pandion, King of

Attica, had two daughters, Philomela and Procne: Procne married Tereus, son of the King of the Thracians, whom Pandion had called in to assist him against his enemies. After a time Tereus concealed Procne in the country, proclaimed that she was dead, and married Philomela, whose tongue he cut out, in order that if she discovered his secret she might not be able to make it known. The two sisters however managed to communicate with each other by means of threads woven into a mantle. This was discovered by Tereus, and Procne and Philomela, fleeing from his wrath, besought the gods to turn them into birds. Philomela became a nightingale, Procne a swallow, and Tereus a hawk.

12. *Tempe groves.* Tempe was a lovely valley between Mt. Olympus and Mt. Ossa, famous among the ancient Greeks as being the favourite haunt of Apollo.

Nisus' golden hair, etc., Nisus, King of Megara, was besieged by Minos, King of Crete. Scylla, daughter of Nisus, who had fallen in love with Minos, pulled out the golden hair which grew on the top of her father's head, and on which his strength depended. Nisus died and Minos took the city. He was, however, so horrified by the conduct of Scylla that he ordered her to be drowned in the Saronic gulf.

Contend, contention.

14. *Diana of Montmaior*, "Diana" was a Spanish pastoral romance, written by Montemayor, about the middle of the sixteenth century.

16. See note on No. 11.

Wroken, past participle of the verb "to wreak."

17. Dr Grosart thinks that this dirge was probably written on the occasion of the marriage of

Penelope Devereux (the "Stella" to whom Sidney's sonnets are addressed) to Lord Rich. Tennyson's "Ring out, wild bells," in "In Memoriam," is generally supposed to have been suggested by this poem of Sidney's.

Peacock's folly, vanity.

Trentals, an office for the dead consisting of thirty masses rehearsed for thirty days successively.

18. Four stanzas of this poem were originally printed in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. In 1600 the six stanzas, as here given, were published in "England's Helicon." In 1653 Izaak Walton reprinted it with an additional stanza in the second edition of "The Compleat Angler." The poem has always enjoyed great popularity.

19. This reply to Marlowe's poem was printed in "England's Helicon" with the signature "Ignoto," and has consequently, like other poems bearing that signature, been attributed to Raleigh. In this case the attribution is probably correct. Dr Hannah includes the poem in his "The poems of Sir Walter Raleigh, collected and authenticated." One authority for believing the verses to be those of Raleigh is Izaak Walton, who says, in his "Compleat Angler": "As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me. 'Twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and the

milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days."

20. *Gent*, elegant, neat.

Bless me, defend me; probably from the verb "bletsian," denoting the act of consecration, the signing with the sign of the cross as a defence from evil.

Glose, flatter, lie.

Buttoned cap. See note on No. 6, Part III.

Sail, coarse cloth.

22. In "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody," the following note is added to this poem of Campion's: "This hymn was sung by Amphitrite Thamesis and other Sea-Nymphs, in 'Gray's Inn Masque' at the Court, 1594."

Tritons, sons of Neptune.

Syrens, sea-nymphs.

Empery, empire.

II

7. *Little lawn, etc.* "The Pawn was a corridor serving as a bazaar in the Royal Exchange (Gresham's)." (A. H. Bullen.)

Astraea, daughter of Zeus, who lived on earth during the golden age, and brought blessings to men: when she departed, and became one of the stars, perfect happiness left the earth.

8. *Nappy*, frothy.

Tutties, nosegays.

Silly, simple.

12. This poem has been attributed, though without any real evidence, to Lord Bacon.

13. *White Iopé.* Mr Bullen thinks that this epithet was suggested by a passage in Propertius,

describing spirits in the lower world—*Vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro.*

14. *Honours.* To the word "honours" in line 5, stanza 3, Bullen has this footnote,—Qy "hammers"?

16. *Cassandra-like.* Cassandra was the daughter of Priam, King of Troy, on whom Apollo bestowed the gift of prophecy, but added to his gift the drawback that no one should believe her prophecies.

20. *Paper of pins*, a favourite love-gift in the days when pins were newly introduced and were looked upon as luxuries.

Tawdry lace, a rustic necklace: Cf. "Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace, and a pair of sweet gloves"—*Winter's Tale.*

Whitsun-lord, the master of the Whitsuntide revels.

Slops, wide breeches.

28. The version here given is from Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie," published 1589, where it is definitely attributed to Sir Philip Sidney. Another version, with additions and alterations, was given in the "Arcadia" 1590, but this is distinctly inferior to the former.

30. *Black women.* In the days of Queen Elizabeth fair beauties were in fashon at the Court in deference to the complexion of the Queen: to be dark was considered a disgrace.

31. *Dazie*, the canopy or hangings over the high table or over any chair of State.

III

1. *Crystal*, fairness.

2. *Prick-song.* Music of which the notes are written down, as opposed to extempore music; there-

fore usually richer and more varied, and so applied to the song of the nightingale.

Now at heaven's gate. Compare Shakespeare's Song "Hark, hark the lark," from "Cymbeline."

3. This song was sung at the close of "Midas," when that comedy was first presented before the Queen on Twelfth Night, January 6, 1590, by the "Children of Paules."

Io, daughter of the king of Argos. In Greek legend she was identified with the moon.

Physics and to Poesy's King. Apollo was the god of healing as well as of music and poetry.

Daphnean. Daphne was beloved by Apollo, but fleeing from him prayed the gods to change her into a laurel tree.

6. This song is taken from "Polyhymnia, Describing the Honourable Triumph at Tylt, before her Maiestie on the 17 of November past (1590) being the first day of the three and thirtieth year of her Highnesse raigne." Mr W. Briathwaite, in his "Book of Elizabethan Verse" quotes the following account, condensed by Oliphant from Sir W. Segar's "Honors Military and Civil, 1602." "Certain yearly Triumphs were solemnized in memory of the applause of her Majesty's subjects at the day of her most happy accession to the Crown of England, which triumphs were first begun and occasioned by the right virtuous and honourable Sir Henry Lea, master of her highness' armory: who of his great zeal and desire to eternize the glory of her Majesty's Court in the beginning of her reign, voluntarily vowed—unless infirmity, age or other accident did impeach him—during his life to present himself at the tilt, armed, the day aforesaid, yearly; there to perform in honour of her Sacred

Majesty the promise he formerly made. The worthy knight, however, feeling himself at length overtaken with old age, and being desirous of resigning his championship, did on the 17th of November 1590, present himself together with the Earl of Cumberland, unto her Majesty under her gallery window in the tilt yard at Westminster, where at that time her Majesty did sit. . . . Her Majesty, beholding these armed Knights coming toward her, did suddenly hear a music so sweet and secret, as every one thereat did greatly marvel. The music aforesaid was accompanied with these verses, pronounced and sung by Mr Hale, her Majesty's servant, a gentleman in that art excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable. After the ceremonies Sir Henry Lea disarmed himself, and kneeling upon his knees presented the Earl of Cumberland, humbly beseeching that she would receive him for her Knight to continue the yearly exercise aforesaid. Her Majesty having accepted the offer, this aged Knight armed the earl, and mounted him upon his horse. That being done, he put upon his own person a side-coat of black velvet, and covered his head in lieu of an helmet with a button-cap of the country fashion."

The song is quoted by Thackeray in "The Newcomes" (Ch. lxxv) with reference to Colonel Newcome becoming a pensioner at Greyfriars.

Beadsman, one who offers up prayers. (A.S. "biddan," to pray.)

9. *Sithe*, time.

13. *Keel*, cool by ladling to prevent boiling over (Malone).

Saw, saying, discourse.

Crabs, crab apples.

22. *Cypress*, crape, a fabric said to have been originally introduced from Cyprus.

24. *Cockle-hat*, a pilgrim's hat, so called from the practice followed by palmers of wearing a cockle-shell in their hats.

25. *Mary-buds*, marigolds.

27. *Featly*, nimbly.

Whist, silent.

Burden, the tune sung as an accompaniment to a dance when there were no instruments.

30. *Doxy*, girl.

Pugging, thieving.

Aunts, companions.

31. *Hent*, grasp.

32. *Cyprus*. See note on 22.

Quoifs, caps.

Stomachers, ornamental fronts for the bodices of gowns.

Poking sticks, sticks made of bone, wood, or steel for setting the pleats of ruffs.

36. *Turtle*, turtle-dove.

Pheer, mate, companion.

Polypheme, Polyphemus the giant, who had one eye in the middle of his forehead. He fed his flocks on Mt. Ætna, and lived in a cave near by. He loved the nymph, Galatea, who rejected his love. Ulysses was driven by storm to the giant's cave, and succeeded in putting out his one eye.

37. *Echo's Lament of Narcissus*. The nymph Echo fell in love with a beautiful youth, Narcissus, who was, however, inaccessible to love. As a punishment for his hard-heartedness Nemesis caused him to fall in love with his own image, reflected in a stream. He pined away with love, and died, his

body after death being changed into the flower which now bears his name.

38. *Still,* always.

41. *Sousing*, pouncing.

42. *Stare*, starling.

45. It has been suggested that Milton owed the idea of his "Il Penseroso" to this poem.

47. *Lyæus*, Bacchus, the god of wine.

48. "The opening lines of the second stanza have generally been printed thus:

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger,
With her bells dim . . .

and many have wondered how Shakespeare or Fletcher came to write of the bells of a primrose. . . . I have always suspected, however; that there should be a semicolon after 'Ver' and that 'merry springtime's harbinger, with her bells dim,' referred to a totally different flower—the snowdrop to wit. And I now learn from Dr. Grosart, who has carefully examined the 1634 and early editions, that the text actually gives a semicolon. The snowdrop may very well come after the primrose in the song, which altogether ignores the process of the seasons."("Adventures in Criticism." Quiller-Couch.) It has also been suggested that "her bells" may be a misprint or old spelling for "harebells."

Index of First Lines

Letchworth: At the Arden Press